











JOHN CLARENCE  
RYDER

FEB. 6, 1902

JULY 26, 1980

REST



IN LOVING MEMORY

ARBOGAST

DENVER E.  
1929

VIRGINIA L.  
1929



ARBOG



DENVER F.

1921

BOGASII



VIRGINIA L.

1824 - 1910



APPBOGAST

MARY ANN REGINA

1892  
1912

ANNIE  
1900  
1911  
23. 1902  
1905





ARRIVED

UNTIL WE MEET

DIXIE

DEC 25, 1892  
NOV 9, 1978



BOGAST

AND WE MEET AGAIN



ANNIE  
AUG 10 1902  
AUG 23 1978



















of age.

Charles and Jacob Kinnison, the pioneer brothers, were skillful workers in wood with the broad axe and whip saw. Some of the first carpenter work ever done in this county was by them and Richard Hill.

Charles Kinnison hewed the logs for John McNeel, pioneer. The building yet stands. He also prepared the logs for the house now dwelt in by Claiborne McNeil, near Buckeye. His services were greatly valued in planning and constructing forts.

Thus with assistance of J. B. Kinnison and Allan Kinnison, something has been attempted to embalm the memories of these good men and their worthy descendants. We believe it is the temper of many of the living Kinnisons to see that the lustre of the Kinnison name shall not be tarnished, but rendered more illustrious by all the facilities that may come to hand.

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### ARCHIBALD CLENDENNIN.

The Clendennin name has been familiar as a household word to our people for more than a hundred years.

They are the descendants of Archibald Clendennin, who was one of the pioneers of Greenbrier County, and lived in the Big Levels, not far from Lewisburg. The place has been long known as the Ballard Smith homestead.

Charles Clendennin was slain by the Indians in 1763 and was survived by two sons, George and Charles.

In regard to George Clendennin we have nothing authentic. Charles Clendennin was one of the pioneers of Kanawha County, and the city of Charleston is named for him. William Clendennin, a son of Charles, married Sallie Cochran, daughter of John Cochran, and settled on the Burgess place, near Hillsboro, now occupied by John Payne. This occurred about 1780. Their sons were William and John; their daughter Catherine became Mrs Jacob Kennison.

John Cochran was the person who brought in the slain bodies of the Bridger Brothers. His mother was a Miss Hogshead, of Augusta County, very pious person, and her granddaughtér Sallie was a very rigid christian person and trained her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She was called a Jewess both "outward and inwardly," as she insisted upon her sons learning some trade. To gratify her conscientious wishes, her son William Clendennin was apprenticed to Bayliss G. Rapp, at Frankford, for seven years, seven months, and seven days. Upon his marriage with Jane Cochran, he settled at the Casebolt mill and finally located on the Seybert Place at the mouth of Stamping Creek. Their children were Mary Ann who became Mrs Buckhannon, and settled in Upshur.

John Clendennin married Rebecca Byrd, and lived at Byrd's Mill in upper Greenbrier.

James Clendennin died in youth.

Sally Clendennin cared for her parents, prospered, and bought the place where she now lives.

John Clendennin, of William the pioneer, learned his trade in a voluntary apprenticeship with Ralph

Wanless, as his mother wished. It is told of John that when a mere child he attended a preaching service at the Hawk Place, on Locust Creek, conducted by Dr McElhenney. When the minister inquired whether any children were to be baptized, John, in the absence of his mother, came forward and presented himself and was baptized, and named himself John McElhenney.

Upon his marriage with Catherine Seybert, he settled at Beard's Mill on Locust Creek, and after many years moved to Highland County. They were the parents of six sons:

William died at the age of eight years and lies in an unknown grave in the McNeel cemetery.

Jacob F. lives in Highland. His first marriage was with Elizabeth Bird, and has two sons. The second marriage was with Mary Bird.

George G. married Lonella McNeel, and lives on a part of the old Seybert homestead.

Adam S. was a Confederate soldier from the first of the war, and died in the battle before Petersburg, April, 1865.

Charles R. married Mary Ann Tomlinson, and settled in Highland County. His sons John and Samuel went west.

Stewart died at the age of fourteen years.

In reference to these six sons of John Clendennin it may be noticed that George, Adam, and Charles learned the blacksmith trade, and Jacob tailoring.

Thus we have been able to give a few interesting items illustrating the Clendennin family history as far as identified with our Pocahontas citizenship. The most

of this information was furnished by George G. Clendennin, of Mill Point, in a recent interview.

Since writing the preceding it has come to mind that the Andersons, on Hills Creek, are descendants of Archibald Clendennin by the third or fourth remove. Rev W. S. Anderson, Principal of the Alleghany Collegiate Institute; Rev C. M. Anderson, are among them.

This sketch will be closed by a historic reminiscence that has been widely published, and is perhaps already familiar to many.

A party of sixty or more Indians, led by Cornstalk, appeared very suddenly in west Greenbrier, in 1763, and came to the Clendennin home, where they found perhaps seventy-five persons, men, women, and children, to spend the day in social enjoyment and help their neighbor Clendennin feast on three fat elk he had just brought in. Though not invited or expected, the Indians upon their arrival were kindly received and bountifully feasted as welcome guests. While all this good cheer was going on, the people never dreaming of danger, as peace had been prevailing for the past two or three seasons, and the Indians had been coming and going in a most friendly manner, an aged person afflicted with a chronic sore, consulted with one of the older Indians and inquired if he knew of anything that would cure it. In a bland and assuring manner he told her that he thought he knew of the very thing that would cure her. Then drawing his tomahawk he killed her instantly, and before the people had time to think, nearly all the men in the house were killed by this single warrior medicine man.

Mrs Clendennin fought like a fury; reproached the Indians in terms of the severest invective, calling them cowards and all the mean names she could think of, while the warriors brandished their tomahawks and scalping knives over her head, and slapped her face with her husband's bloody scalp, threatening instant death if she did not hush up and behave herself.

The captives were taken at once to Muddy Creek in charge of a detachment, while the rest continued the raid as far as Kerrs Creek in Rockbridge County. Upon their return in a few days, preparations were hastily made to retreat to the Ohio. On the day they started from the foot of Keeneys Knob, Mrs Clendennin gave her infant to one of the captives to carry. The captives were placed in the centre of the line, with warriors for vanguard and rearguard. While crossing the mountain she slipped into a thicket of laurel and concealed herself in a hollow tree. The child soon became very fretful, and this led the Indians to suspect that the mother was missing. One of the warriors said he would "soon bring the cow to her calf." He caught the child by the feet and beat its brains out against a tree, threw it in the path, all marched over it, and its intestines were trampled out by the horses.

After nightfall Mrs Clendennin came out of her hiding place and returned to her home, ten miles away. She found her husband dead in the yard, with one of the children in his arms, where he had tried to escape over the fence. After covering the dead with rails she went into the cornfield near by and waited for day. During the night a great fear came upon her, as she

imagined she saw a man standing within a few steps from her.

Mainly with her own hands she prepared a place under the porch for the last resting place of her beloved dead, and then soon after refugeed to Augusta County, where she remained a year or two. She finally returned to her home in Greenbrier, and was afterwards married to Ballard Smith, the ancestor of the distinguished family of that name, so prominent in the annals of the Greenbrier citizenship.

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### JOHN H. RUCKMAN.

Among the citizens of our county in later years from the forties to the sixties, that took a lively interest in everything that promised to promote the interests of education, morality, and the prosperity of the county generally, John Hartman Ruckman deserves more than a brief notice.

He traced his ancestry to one Samuel Ruckman, a native of England, and born in 1643. The Ruckmans had lived awhile in north east Wales, bordering England, and thence came to Long Island, New York, in 1682. Thomas Ruckman, son of Samuel Ruckman, the Welsh emigrant, was born on Long Island in 1682, and his son James Ruckman, another link in the ancestral chain, was born in New Jersey in 1716. James Ruckman's son, David Ruckman, was born in New Jersey in 1747. David Ruckman is the progenitor of the Ruckman relationship in Highland and Pocahontas Counties. He came to what is now south east High-



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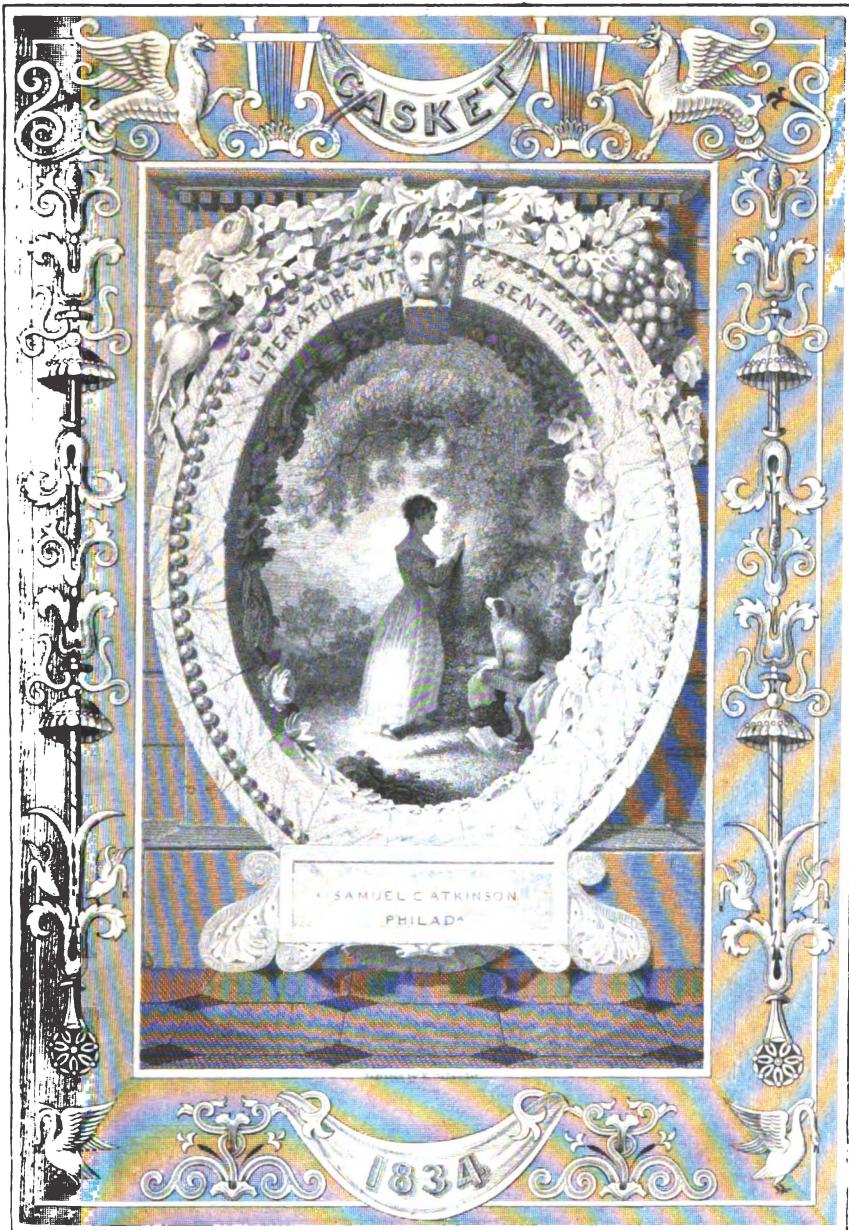


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KN

AP2  
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1834



ATKINSON'S  
CASKEET

OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

I am the same, without all diff'rence ; when  
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good ;  
Have no additions since of name, or blood ;  
Only because I wear a thread-bare suit,  
I was not worthy of a poor salute.  
A few good clothes put on with small ado,  
Purchase your knowledge and your kindred too.

No. 1.]

PHILADELPHIA.—JANUARY.

[1834.

LATEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

HABIT DE RECEPTION.—FIG. 1.—A *retingote* of lilac valentine, the front confined with large bows of ribbon (a deeper tint, and trimmed the whole way down from the throat with a triple ruche of white blond, this parts at the waist, *en tailleur*, and gives to this simple dress a most graceful effect. The *corsage* is folded on the bosom *en garbe*, and cut rather low for a morning dress; the sleeves are extremely full, *en ballon*, with cuffs of white *tulle à la Marie Stuart*. The *coiffure* is a small capote formed by three divisions of white *tulle*, *en coques*. The only ornament is a bunch of poppies placed under the trim on the right side, and long *bridles* of white gauze ribbon edged with *tulle*; citron colour kid gloves, and black gros de Naples slippers.

FIG. 2.—An evening dress of white *fleur d'lys* gauze tissue, the shirt adorned with a double border of "Forget-me-Not" flower; *bouffant* short sleeves; the *corsage* is formed à l'Amazzone, the rich folds being divided by bands embroidered to correspond with the pattern on the shirt; round the throat is carelessly tied a *foulard* scarf,—pale *jonquille*, embroidered with roses. The hair is dressed in full curls, on the temples parted in front with an *aigrette* of flowers, and the bows behind confined by a plaited band.

FIG. 3.—A fashionable bonnet of rice-straw, ornamented with interlaced bands of lilac satin ribbon, with three small bows placed behind, and a plume of drooping lilac ostrich feathers.

FIG. 4.—A bonnet of white gros d'Inde, with bands and bows of cherry-colour sarsenet ribbon—and a large bouquet of sweet peas. This bonnet is edged with white blond.

We are seriously threatened with the revival of hair-powder. In Paris, an effort was made to introduce it last season, but without effect; whether the forthcoming experiment will be more successful we do not pretend to decide. Whether hair-powder will ever again be generally worn is hardly doubtful. It is true we have

revived the dresses of our grandmothers, and they have been rendered graceful by the modifications demanded by modern taste. But powder can never be rendered elegant. It may be adopted for a night, as a mere *fantaisie*, but it can never again obtain the authority of general usage.

There are some countenances to which powder may possibly be becoming. It is supposed to soften the features, and to impart lustre to the eyes. But, on the other hand, it has the disadvantage of spoiling a dress in the space of an hour, and even the most extravagant woman of fashion sometimes wishes to wear a dress oftener than once: and, at all events, it is desirable that it should not appear soiled before the termination of an evening party.

Crowns of plaited hair have now become so exceedingly common, that the most fashionable *coiffures* have laid them wholly aside. Bows, rather high, and frequently *papillottes*, are preferred.

The continuance of mild weather retards the general adoption of the colours and materials usually worn at the present season. Light hats of crêpe and silk, ornamented with flowers, are still as general as they were in the height of summer.

Dresses and pelisses of velvet and plain satin, are likely to be much worn, as soon as the autumnal weather shall fairly set in. They should be of some rich dark colour, with pelisses of the same material, trimmed with black lace.

The *fichus-éventails* are likely to be much adopted this winter for ball dresses, to which they give an elegant finish. When adapted to low dresses, bows with long flowing ends may be placed on each shoulder.

In Paris, small scarfs of black lace or blonde are much worn for evening dresses. These scarfs, which are very long and narrow, are lined with coloured silk or satin, and passed under the waistband.

Sashes with long ends promise this winter to supersede the bands which have so long been worn, simply pinned or buckled round the waist.

## THE BANIAN TREE—THE BROTHERS.

Written for the Casket.

### THE BANIAN TREE.

Where Burampooter rolls his waves,  
Through sultry India's wide domains,  
Or silver Ganges proudly laves  
The margins of his flowery plains;—  
As stately as the Ganges flows,  
And silent seeks the distant sea,  
So silent seeks the skies, and grows  
The beautiful, stately *Banian Tree*.  
  
Erect and firm the trunk ascends,  
And widely spreads its branches round;  
And many a bough it downward sends,  
To seek again the genial ground:  
Formed into trunks, they shoot above,  
Bend down again, new trunks to be;  
Till all united form a grove  
Around the parent *Banian Tree*.  
  
And thus may hearts of pious worth,  
In peaceful, friendly union stand;  
And spirits too, though tied to earth,  
May still be joined in golden band.  
How beautiful, when many a soul,  
From discord and contention free,  
Unite to form one perfect whole,  
Like thee, delightful *Banian Tree*.

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### THE BROTHERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

MR. EDWARD:—Annexed is a Translation of a narrative from the pen of the great German dramatist, Schiller, the insertion of which may gratify some of your readers. As I have rendered it into English through the medium of a French translation, it cannot be expected, in its present dress, to present any of the peculiar beauty of style which characterizes the original: but although divested of these, it is interesting, on account of the incidents which it contains.

EDWARD.

The following account of two young Germans, a narrative which I write with pride, presents one indisputable claim to attention: it is true; and that truth gives it more power to affect the heart, than all the letters of the Pamela's and the Grandisons.

Two brothers, Barons of Wermb, had become devotedly attached to a young girl in Werther, neither being aware of the passion of the other. Each loved with his whole soul; and with each it was a first attachment. She was beautiful, gentle and intelligent. The passion of both the young men was continually increasing in strength, while neither was aware of his misfortune in having a brother for a rival. Neither was induced to make an untimely declaration, and entirely unconscious of the state of the other's feelings, until the occurrence of an unexpected event suddenly revealed the secret attachment of both.

But before that period had arrived, love, that most overpowering of all the passions, whose victims are scarcely outnumbered by those of hatred, had gained so deep a mastery over the hearts of both, that neither thought it possible for himself to make a sacrifice of his own feelings, for the happiness of the other.

The object of this mutual attachment, keenly sensitive to the misery of their trying situation, and dreading to seal the unhappiness of either,

could not compel herself to declare a preference, and submitted her fate to the decision of their brotherly affection.

At length, gaining command of his feelings, in struggle between passion and duty, a subject on which theorists often reason so erroneously, and on which the practical man frequently finds it so difficult to decide, the elder Baron of Wermb addressed his brother.

"I know that you deeply and truly love the object of my own devoted admiration. I inquire not in whose favor the claim would be decided, if it depended on the question, which of us had felt the earliest attachment. Remain here—I will flee from her—I will travel over the world, and endeavor to forget her. If I can accomplish this, my brother, let her be yours; and may God bless you both!—but if I fail I must return—you must then tear yourself away, and succeed me in the trial."

He left Germany, and went to Holland, but the image of the loved one was with him still.—Away from that sky which was above his home, away from that land which held his only source of happiness, he could not live. He languished in misery, drooping and fading like the Asiatic plant which the European removes, and endeavors to rear in an arid soil, deprived of the sunbeams which were its life. He reaches Amsterdam, and is soon laid prostrate by a raging fever. In the dreams of delirium the loved one is ever before him—he must return, or die. The physicians are alarmed, and feel that her presence can alone prolong his life. He commences his return, pale, worn, emaciated to a skeleton—he reaches his native land, a fearful example of that wasting power with which the mind destroys the body. He staggers to his brother's house, and is in the presence of his beloved.

"Brother, I am here, God knows how much my heart has striven—but I can do no more,"—and he fell senseless into the arms of the young girl.

His brother evinced a not less noble spirit—he did not falter in this emergency. In a few weeks his preparations were completed and he was ready to depart.

"Brother, you went with your sufferings to Holland; I shall endeavor to bear mine to a greater distance. Do not lead her to the altar until I write to you—my brotherly affection imposes on you only that condition. If I can gain the victory over myself, let her be yours, and may God—bless your love!—If I cannot—then let Heaven judge between us! Farewell. Take this sealed packet, and do not open it until I am far from you. I am going to Batavia."

He sprang into the carriage, and left the pair bowed down in an agony of sorrow. In greatness of soul he had surpassed his brother; and they could not but love his magnanimity, and mourn the necessity which separated them from a being so generous and noble. The sound of the departing wheels smote on their hearts like a peal of thunder. The poor girl—but no?—let us wait until the end.

The packet was opened. It contained a Will, drawn in due form, giving to his brother all the property which he possessed in Germany, in case he never should return.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION—MARRIAGE HYMN.

3

Already the generous youth was far from home. He embarked on board a Dutch ship, and arrived without accident, at Batavia, from whence, after the lapse of a few weeks, he sent the following letter to his brother.

"Here in this distant land, when I offer to the Almighty my prayers and blessings, I think of you and our unfortunate love, with the feelings of a martyr. My unaccustomed situation—the new scenes which are around me, have expanded my soul. Heaven has vouchsafed me strength to make the greatest sacrifice to friendship.—She is thine. My God! I have shed a tear—it is the last. I have succeeded in my self-conquest—she is thy wife! Brother, if I was destined to possess her, I cannot believe that she would have been happy with me. But if she should ever think that she might have been!—brother, brother, that would weigh heavily on thy soul—Forget not at what a price she might have been purchased for thee—that wife. Let thy bearing towards her be ever like that which is now dictated by thy youthful love. Look upon her as a precious legacy from a brother whom you will behold no more. Do not inform me of your wedding day, for my wounds are still bleeding—but write me when it is past. The power which has been given me to make this sacrifice, is to me a certain pledge that God will not abandon me in this land of strangers."

The marriage was performed—a year of happiness succeeded—and then, the young wife died. In her last moments she disclosed a terrible and fearful secret, which till then had never escaped her soul. *She had most loved the absent brother.*

The two Barons are yet living. The elder is still in Germany, and has been married to a second wife. The younger has succeeded in obtaining that peace for which he sought. He has made a vow, never to be married—and he has kept it.—*Providence Literary Journal.*

Written for the Casket.

*The Destruction of the Inquisition.*

Open thy portals, den of doom,  
Swift uncloseth thy living tomb,  
Render up each wretch forlorn  
To the joys of life new born,  
Lift the veil of night that lies  
Wrapt around thy mysteries.

See! thy baffled minions lower,  
Forced to give the keys of power;  
Withering hate, and pallid fear  
Course their brows, the while they hear  
Muttered curses, deep, not loud,  
Bursting from the infuriate crowd.

Hark! the grated doors expand,  
As at touch of magic wand,  
Superstition's chains unbound,  
Leaps the captive from the ground,  
While his wildered senses reel,  
Burthened with the joy they feel.

Where the dark and misty air  
Dim absorbe the torches glare,  
In that dungeon's far confine  
Haply some forgotten pine;  
Lo! they struggle into sight,  
Dazzled by the new found light.

How shall mortal tongue relate  
Griefs on hope deferred that wait?  
When, by disappointments prest,  
Sinks the soul in numbing rest,  
Till reason, grown in sorrows old,  
Reluctant quits her cherished hold.

Such that aged captive's lot,  
forgetting all, by all forgot,  
See his streaming, blanched hair,  
Time has lodged such sorrows there—  
Nought can cloud that marble brow,  
Nought delight or vex him now.

Thou,\* who enthroned on Glory's car,  
Swept Europe's bounds with whelming war,  
Whose name made farthest nations mourn,  
And Gaul embrace her funeral urn,  
Whilst death doomed, prodigal of life,  
Her slaughtered children crowned the strife.

Though thou art steeped with damning guilt,  
In seas of blood relentless split,  
Yet shall this deed to heaven arise  
As an atoning sacrifice.

Perchance, should Mercy hold the scale,  
It may 'gainst thousand crimes prevail—

The fight is o'er—the struggle done—  
And clouds envelope Freedom's sun,  
Again expands that iron gate,  
And closing seals the captive's fate,  
Again the Fiends assume their reign,  
And all the toil and strife is vain—

Vain!—no!—though firm the despot's power,  
And rest of hope the present hour,  
Never shall the memory of that day  
Wrapt in oblivion pass away,  
But stir the soul with fierce desire  
Till Vengeance light the signal fire.

When dawns the day of loud alarms,  
And roused Iberia shouts to arms,  
When echoing peals the battle cry,  
And thousands swear to do or die,  
When each Sierra teems with life,  
And pours its torrent to the strife:

Then in their breasts this scene shall glow,  
And steel each arm, and nerve each blow,  
Then shall the aged captive rise,  
Again the tortured meet their eyes—  
Till gathered wrongs of ages past  
Whelm tyrants with the whirlwind's blast.

HOWARD.

From the Hartford Pearl.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. MIGOURNEY.

Not for the summer hour alone,  
When skies resplendent shine,  
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,  
Our hearts and hands we join;

But for those stern and wintry days,  
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,  
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make  
Our earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,  
Which like a blast doth fly,  
And as the transient flower of grass  
Just blossom—droop, and die;

But for a being without end,  
This vow of love we take,—  
Grant us, Oh God!—one home at last,  
For our Redeemer's sake.

\* Napoleon.

Written for the *Casket*.

### The Legend of Buck Island.

"Dreams, magic terrors, spells of mighty power,  
"Witches, and ghosts, who rove at midnight hour."

TRANSL. OF HORACE.

"Lay her in the earth,—  
"And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
"May violets spring!"

HAMLET.

I am a Virginian born—a native of that oldest and loveliest of the States that form the proud sisterhood of our Union. How many long and wearisome years have been added to "those beyond the flood," since I wandered light of limb and fancy, free over the breezy hills of my birthplace in the rich and populous county of Albemarle! I left it when life was young,

"And hope beat high within my buoyant breast," and have since roved far and wide; yet while most intermediate scenes and events are wholly forgotten, or become recollections dim and indistinct, and transient as fleeting dreams of the night, my early memories prove themselves imperishable, and rise continually about me in fresh and vivid array, as if they were things of but yesterday. I see before my mind's eye palpable and plain as the forms around me, the companions and haunts of those golden days—the majestic mountains, the eternal forest's gloom and awe-inspiring as the sacred groves of the Druids, devoted to primeval solitude and darkness, save when a momentary stream of sunshine chanced to pour down its light over the leaves as the wild deer came bounding and rustling through the green wood shade,—

"Every alley green,  
"Dingle, or bushy dell of those old woods  
"And every booky bourn from side to side,"

with all the softer charms of sylvan spring and pastoral valley opening into pictures, of such quiet and poetic beauty as dwelt of yore beside Arcadian rill and fountain, are well and fondly remembered with each simple history and legend thereunto belonging—and eagerly imbibed and consoled over by my kindling fancy. One of these many traditions in particular, related of my favourite place of resort, took deep hold of my imagination, and seems to me even now not unworthy repetition, as preserving and illustrating many traits of old times, and manners in the "Ancient Dominion."

There is, in all the broad lands and bright Isles that the sun shines upon in his daily round, no fairer spot than that deep and lonely glen, embosomed amid blue hills, and inlaid with two lines of sparkling silver by the Rivaanna and its tributary, Buck-Island Creek. It made part of a splendid domain, divided into three plantations, the whole bearing the name of this last water-course, and owned by an upstart lowlander, who, residing in a little town, far down on the sea-board, was so devoid of taste as to abandon the romantic precincts of Buck Island to the tenancy of an overseer: at least so it was when I used to frequent its solitudes. But it had not always been thus deserted; more than half a century before, in the days of colonial subjugation, here had been the homestead of a wealthy and high born Englishman, who, occupying the vast

and venerable "pile," erected by his wife's remote ancestor, and enlarged and beautified by each subsequent proprietor, lived and revelled in all the patrician pomp and boundless hospitality, peculiar to our ante-national era. The ruins of the stately mansion, (stately that is for those times), crowned with many a wreath of ivy, intermingled with yellow jessamine, the exotic honeysuckle, and other vestiges of human culture, yet cumbered its site on the fair brow of a mighty hill; the huge chimneys built of imported bricks, as hard and durable as stone, still stood perfect among heaps of crumbling rubbish, and the wild overgrowth of bushes and creeping plants, which ran along the scarce perceptible foundation, and mantled the fallen walls,—and on their tall stalks, rising here and there in naked altitude, like monumental pillars, illustrating some marble wreck of antiquity, might still be read the date of the edifice 1654; and W. V. the initials of its founder, Valentine Wolverine.

With this man, who made one of the first settlements among the mountains, and is still spoken of there as a very remarkable personage, our story has nothing to do; but once established in comfort, the family continued to prosper through three generations, till at length all the wealth and honors clustering around it, centered in one sweet daughter, who shone the proudest beauty of her day, and espoused Sir Rezin Bland, a Briton of mighty lineage, but slender fortune, who had wandered across the seas in search of preferment, and found it in a union with the heiress of Buck Island. It was to be sure a sad mésalliance, that wedded the descendant of crusading barons to the offspring of a Virginia planter, whose name, though eminent in his own land, was unknown in merry England as the forsaken hovel, which had there sheltered his peasant progenitors. But, though strongly tempted on the first blush of the business, to pronounce on the lovely parvenue, and her evident partiality for him,

"The hind that would be mated to the lion,  
"Must die of love,"

this inopportune fit of the heroic proved but transitory with the adventure so highly favoured, and speedily gave way to a proper sense of the expedient; for Sir Rezin was a dear lover of wealth, and the good things of this world, which wealth commands—had a shrewd eye to his own interests, and an implicit belief in the ennobling properties of his own blood, that reconciled him to this stoop from his high estate even in a matter so delicate as a matrimonial engagement: besides he could not but attach himself to a creature so pretty and withal amiable as his epulent bride; and through many years of wedlock, their happiness suffered no interruption, save when Heaven visited them with the loss of several promising infants. There was thus only one girl left to be the exact image of her mother's person, and to blend the advantages of her father's grand genealogy with the ample possessions of her maternal house. 'Tis needless to say how devoutly this sole child so fairly and richly endowed, was doated on by either parent. Still, though presumptive owner of thousands of fertile acres, and hundreds of slaves, and already look-

ed up to as the pattern-bells of that odious and hangthy aristocracy, the young Fanny, as she grew up in the bloom and sweetness of congenial retirement, would have had to "hide her diminished head" before the least lady-milliner or shop keeper now extant; for, alas! the *poor thing* could boast herself, neither *travelled* nor *accomplished*, and had never so much as heard those charming terms, waltzing and attitudinizing. The means of education afforded her were simple, yet sufficient to impart all the plain (vulgar they would now be called,) but admirable qualifications necessary to the character of a Virginia matron; exercising an almost regal sway over a numerous and dependent household; and nothing beyond was aimed at, or desired by the loftiest and the loveliest in the land.

At that barbarous epoch, the unenlightened colony was destitute of those appliances and adjuncts of polite tuition, patronized under the enlarged conceptions of the present regime in the shape of fashionable academies, and foreign vagabonds, monopolizing by patent the art of conducting them. Boarding Schools—those invaluable sources of modern elegance and love; there were then none for the training up of young ladies in the way they should not go; and the finishing of them in a refined superiority of airs and graces. The stupid provincials, poor in spirit, if not in purse, when compared with the high minded bankrupts of these dashing days, aspired not to have their simple daughters destined to the drudgery, (inaffable as 'tis voted by their polished posterity) of minding their own household concerns, manufactured into the student of all languages, dead and living, just able at last to jabber away in a jargon apt to be mistaken by one of the uninitiated for a compound of the confusion of Babel; into the fair artist caricaturing nature alike in the application of her brush to canvass and *rouge* on her own face—with her musical sister, wisely scorning to perplex herself with the difference between the natural and chromatic scales, and solely intent on strumming a half strung harp, and trilling forth in true scientific style, an Italian song, the pronunciation thereof duly got by rote along with the words—or "tho' last not least," into the poetess (as the phrase goes) confounding with a noble disdain of rules—those impertinent clogs to genius—the epic, lyric, and dramatic modes; and exposing in print with all the complaisance of self-applause, a string of rhymes happily modelled after those long since immortalized in the matchless song by "a person of quality." In place of a female *literati* so gifted and famous, the country, at the hum-drum time our tale treats of, imitated their sober grandmothers content to exercise their privilege of speech in their mother-tongue—to please by the resistless spell of their own simple manners, and modest dress; and holding with the ancient mythologists, that the goddess of wisdom was likewise the inventor of spinning. The system of education then prevalent among the upper classes, was purely domestic: the mother never yielded up the guardianship of her girls to a hireling substitute—but keeping them under her own careful eye till the moment, which at the altar transferred their allegiance elsewhere, took herself the chief

share in "rearing the tender thought," and teaching "the young idea how to shoot;" in addition to her lessons, a sort of *bonne*, generally an elderly English woman, perfectly skilled in needle-work, the economy of the manège, and the important arts of raising paste, and clear-starching muslin, made them practically acquainted with all the subordinate duties of a house-wife, and regulated their deportment and avocations, when the lady of the mansion was unavoidably engaged, or indisposed, for the moment to the trouble: moreover they learnt writing and ciphering from an elder brother, or perhaps, a tutor employed to teach these branches to the family at large; and such constituted the sum total of feminine attainments, except, which was rarely the case, a music master could be procured to undertake a class for the harpsichord. Thus bred up at home, the young Virginia gentlewoman of the 15th century, found herself well fitted to fulfil the rational ends of her creation, though sadly deficient in the *finesse* and frivolity of second-hand ton as exemplified in the *élégants* and *bel-esprits* of 1833. We ourselves desire to be understood as entertaining all due respect, for these exquisite apes, or hearsay, of the ways of the fashionable world across the water; but a cynic, disposed to sneer at the innovations of refinement, might reckon the solid and serviceable knowledge gained under the old order of things, as no bad off-set against a smattering of the "Clogues," and ill naturally contrasting the fine simplicity of a natural manner with the awkward *minauderies*, and shallow pretensions, mistaken by our fair but ignorant and imitative tyroes for a style foreign and *recherche*—exclaim with the poet, who perambulated and portrayed the greater part of Europe,

"More dear to me, coagenial with my heart,  
"One native charm than all the gloss of art."  
And to none might the lines more readily apply than to the artless beauty, whose ill-hap ordained her the heroine of my commemorative Legend. Sir Rezin and Lady Bland, following the usual method, no more dreamed of sending their daughter out of the house for instruction, than parents would think now-a-days of transporting theirs to Botany Bay to get morality. All that their darling heiress knew of useful or ornamental, had been acquired under her natal roof,—and there was imbibed and fostered that love of home—that self identification with local objects, and taste for domestic occupations—that capacity and habit of living and delighting, in the privacy and utility of her proper sphere, which forms the essence of woman's perfection, and invests her with more and sweeter attractions than the crest of Venus was fabled to confer.

Miss Bland had no companion of her own sex—but an orphan boy, distantly related to her mother, and about three years older than herself, had long dwelt at Buck Island, and become to the young recluse brother and sister and cousin all in one. While she was taken up with her daily routine of tasks, either reading aloud in the "Spectator," or sewing some elaborate piece of embroidery beside Lady Bland—then seated at the harpsichord with her master, the celebrated Victor, who was prevailed upon by an enormous price, and the elat of teaching a personage con-

spicuous beyond her compeers, to travel every two months from Williamsburg to Albemarle in attendance on a single scholar—and afterwards picking cotton, knitting her own stockings, or busy under Mrs. Springett's direction, among the pickles and preserves in the pantry—else varying these homely labours by copying into her receipt book, (then current among the ladies instead of *albums*,) some approved recipe medicinal or culinary; and he employed in conning his accidence at the “old field school,” kept in a log house on a corner of the Buck Island estate—or studying accounts in the Steward's room—or reciting some Latin author to his patron, who was learned in the classics, and sometimes took note of George's progress therein; the fond playmates, whose hearts already “wrest coupled and inseparable,” necessarily improved and pined apart: but the instant these several allotments were over, and the hours of liberty and recreation arrived, they flew to play, and ramble, and be happy together. Owing to such constant association with her cousin, Fanny, by nature,

“As sportive as the fawn,  
‘That, wild with glee, across the lawn,  
‘Or up the mountain springs,—

came to achieve and practice a variety of active sports, gaining thereby the hue of a wood nymph with the mien and proportions of a sylph. ‘Tis true her lady-mother, and the demure deputy acting under her, bent on keeping “the child's” skin as white as a lily, and transparent as alabaster, strictly forbade, and severely chid all out-of-doors exercise; but Sir Rezin, well pleased to see on his cherub's cheek,

“The pale contending with the purple rose,” encouraged her to run and ride about the plantation and neighbourhood at pleasure. Himself an accomplished horseman, he enjoyed nothing so much as to witness her exhibitions with George Meredith at her bridle-rein, of the grace and address, with which she managed the most spirited steed; and the little damsel, not daring to defy the maternal authority, ever acknowledged as paramount, but skilful to disown it, mostly contrived to coax her ladyship into tolerance, if not approval, of this liberty of motion.

The time was, however, at hand, when the forms of society would interpose to check such happy heedlessness of intercourse; for the youth was now verging from adolescence to manhood,—and the bright heiress no longer a child, but a woman. With the advent of that period, when we “bear a charmed life,” alike productive of our most serious dangers and our purest bliss, there came a total unlinking of the chains, hitherto drawing the two into such close approximation. The delicious past was, in a measure, done away with. There was no longer the interchange of innocent endearments and “cousinly kisses”—nothing of the same natural and licensed familiarity, whether *tete-a-tete* or before others—no more airings on horse-back together, animated by a frolicksome race, or pleasant strolls, hand-in-hand, and for hours through the romantic scenery, wherein the Bland demesne might have rivalled a Hagley or a Stowe; no more gay encounters in the romps and games, befitting their age and lively temperament, and late-

ly so rife between them. In the ordinary course of things, some change of the sort was to be expected; but here was “something too much” of it. The couple, whilome so frank and affectionate in their behaviour, were now grown, not indifferent, but distant, constrained, and apparently averse from one another. Each was sensible of, but, at the same time, misconstrued the conscious shyness, symptomatic of their mutual state of feeling. The young lady believed that she was only obeying the prescriptions of a despotic decorum, in laying aside the childish freedom, with which she had been wont to consider George as her second self: she had yet to learn that the reserve of her altered manner was but the veil thrown by maidenly delicacy, over an excess of affection, otherwise too apt to break out in open demonstration. Poor Meredith, as deeply mortified as he was entirely mistaken, was too little versed in woman, too inexperienced in the inconsistencies of that passion which, in her, most displays itself by affecting a disguise,—to see in this sudden coldness, the surest mark of his interest in his little play-fellow's heart. He tortured himself with the fear that he had some way fallen under her displeasure, without being able to screw his courage to the inquiring point with one so long and so intimately sharing his thoughts, his confidence, and his converse.

Fanny, to every body else as naive, as gentle, and as buoyant as ever—the idol of all around her from the courtly and high-minded knight himself, down to the humblest crop-hand, that, knowing his young mistress only by sight not speech, gazed in reverential awe at her fairy form flitting about the wood-land paths of the premises, seemed to her enamoured kinsman “another and yet the same;” ‘twas but a few short months, fled like “morning's winged dream,” since a charming and playful child, she nestled by his side, and there found her dearest resting place: now arrayed in all the glow and dignity of lovely womanhood, she rose before him like a celestial vision, and entranced in proportion as she receded from him. He beheld her daily redoubling her coyness and her enchantments—he felt his love for her each moment deepening into the rapture of adoration; and though thus seeing and hearing her so bewitching, yet so unkind, he sighed in the bitterness of his soul over the loss of his past precious immunities—he still could not bring himself to compare the tame quietude of his boyish happiness, with the fervid gush of ecstasy overflowing his heart, as it now swelled and throbbed, with the maddening pulse of “first, of passionate love.” He felt, though he tried to persuade himself otherwise, that its object treated him not like a relative; he was aware that in honor, in gratitude, and in reason, he could aspire to nothing more: yet while he strove to believe that Fanny's difference of demeanor, was meant, properly and not harshly, to indicate the immense distance, now that they were about to appear before the world, between the heiress of Buck Island, and one who was the mere pensioner of her father's bounty, he could not be utterly and hopelessly while thus lingering near her, and catching at times, a soft glance straying towards him from those beautiful eyes.

Yet is her novice, and an unscrupulous of him as of herself, the unconscious cause of all these struggles; observed them not, any more than she stopped to scrutinize her own strange and contradictory sensations. But if love still wrought after his went by hoodwinking his enemies, there were these near them, whom he despised with as many eyes as Argus. Lady Bland, with the dreadful instinct of a woman and a mother, quickly penetrated into the state of matters between the parties, and a hunt from her soon decided her proud, though generous husband, how to act in a conjecture so delicate. After a just deliberation, and having first satisfied himself of the verity of her ladyship's accusations, Sir Reginald issued his orders accordingly without thinking it worth while to let the younger members of the family into the secret of his arrangements; those, for whose benefit he intended them, were, therefore, left in peasant ignorance of their master's last a premature opposition should ever arise to avert.

George, restless and unhappy under the constrained estrangement from his cherished cousin, was still more cast down by the near prospect of his departure for college: William and Mary being, of course, the one selected for him. Not long before, when the current of his feelings flowing in the calm communion of brotherly regard towards the daughter of his beneficence, had eagerly led him pastured for the hour which would transfer him from the tutelage of a tiresome preceptor into the wide field of noble competition for the honors and degrees of a university. It now rapidly approached, that long wished-for hour. Yet while the strong dictates of pride, of duty, and of self respect, urged him away,—the faintest sentiments of devotion, now worshipping as a mistress his former friend, proved a potent appeal to enchain him near her: and the date of his inevitable journey glared anxiously in his mind's eye, like the angel's burning brand, warning before the benumbed inhabitants of Edén in signal of their perpetual exhalation. Nor did the idea of parting sadden him alone. Fanny, whose mind, gently stirred by the impulses of a faultless tenderness, had, as yet, suffered none of the agonies of passion, would, at this crisis, have been of ladies most deject and wretched;—but that she suspected not the tendency of her own heart—consequently forewarned neither objections nor disappointment, and looked forward, in the confidence of sanguine youth, to a delightful reunion long before vacation-time. They were both somewhat enlivened by the arrival of a party invited to spend some weeks at Beck Island; for, though the bustle of hospitable care incident to this association, presented a new hindrance to the resumption of this late intimacy, it likewise served to dissipate thoughts and emotions, painfully concentrating on one subject.

It being part of the parental policy to suppress the loves as much as possible, the commencement of the guests, (who, with two or three exceptions, were, of her own sex and age) remained, by devoted on Miss Bland. She had, to be sure, an easy task of it; for visitors, wild with the spirit of health and innocence, had no need of encouragement to mirth, but rather the contrary: be-

cause there was no lack of amanuenses to re-inforce her. The gay and lovely group assembled at the lordly mansion, with the peerless heiress at its head, attracted thither all the young men of note in the neighborhood. Blenheim, Castle-hill, Carybrook, and the other neighboring seats, each sent its representative to swell the patrician concourse, and to strive for the favor of a belle *Châlonne*; (for beautiful she still was) as an earnest of the smiles of her fascinating daughter; and she, as playful and as artless as a simple child, enjoyed the pleasure of the moment, without a care or fear for the future. She, nevertheless, misused and longed, though in vain, for the participation of her old companion. The idolatrous, Meredith shrank from the joyous din of the festivities around him—and under pretence of a careful preparation for college, evaded much attendance on the queen of the college, and her nymph-like train. The rest went gaily on, amusing themselves with the usual country pastimes: shooting at a mark, hunting, riding, fishing, and fiddling occupied the men by day; while the ladies—for the sexes, then as now rarely mingled much together at the villas of Virginia—diligently employed themselves in copying patterns and learning new stitches in embroidery; in knitting gloves and purses for their favourite cavaliers, and in chatting on the feminine topics of fine clothes, for new fashions there were none) eligible matches, and the best modes of freshening butter, and renewing stale pickles. In the cool of the evening, (for such was the horror in which females of rank held the plebeian stigma of being tanned, freckled or sun-burnt, that none during mid-day would venture to an open window, or outward door, without the precaution of a double handkerchief pinned closely over the face), the high-born bairns, in all the airy glee of youth and self approving charms, were free to allay forth, and take the fresh air in a ramble about the grounds or plantation.

No place could offer a lovelier variety of views and walks than the site of the Wolverne home, and while its improvements were admired as a fine specimen of the first style of reigning elegance. On the middle eminence of a range of weedy hills, boldly swelling over the vale of water, (a position contradistinguished from the customary choice of a sheltered hollow) stood the house, a low square building, consisting of one story, and an attic with vast dormer windows. The various additions by successive occupants, originally jumbled together without order or proportion, had been altered and rebuilt by Sir Reginald, into the regularity observable in the architecture of that age—and each floor divided into a grand cross passage—the indestructible distinction of an aristocratic edifice—and eight rooms with hearth and mantle-pieces of marble. The cellars, well lighted, were laid off in the like manner; and several of the compartments, separated, instead of walls, by a trellis of lattice-work, and inlaid with a dry pavement of round white pebbles, were used as summer parlors. One, in particular, hung with a green tapestry of climbing plants with a beautiful spring bubbling up in the centre, formed a

retreat perfectly luxurious and appropriate for the *siestas* and light repasts of the hot season.\* Nothing could be more varied and enchanting than the prospect from the apartment above. On the left, the eye, glancing over a fair garden, laid off with the antique and trim formality of alley, shrub and parterre, now superseded by the natural negligence of the *jardin Anglais*, encountered a noble reach of woods, apparently coeval with the creation, and exhibiting a delightful play of lights and shadows,—beyond which, stretching from the North to the Southwest, the grand chain of the Alleghany Mountains—the Blue Ridge proudly pre-eminent among them—towered in majestic outline against the horizon, and, robed in the azure hues of distance, seemed a meet pathway, leading from earth to heaven. Through the magical perspective of openings, judiciously cut among the trees, appeared only a few miles off, and its localities all distinctly visible, the far famed Monticello, since immortalized by the domicile and tomb of Jefferson. From that point, running eastwardly, the sweep of a superb grove, sloped gently down to Buck Island Creek, here broader and deeper than many a European river renowned in song. Its waters emerging from this umbrous screen, and gleaming through the thick fringe of willows and alders, marking the line of their after-course, rolled on a mile or two further, to their junction with the Rivanna. On the right of the mansion, the spacious yard extended its “smooth shaven green” to the edge of the lofty hill, which, with those on either side of it, abruptly declined into a level. Bare of the trees, clothing the adjoining heights, it displayed only a thin sprinkling of undergrowth, with one gigantic oak, flinging its storm worn branches and contorted roots over a slight cavity, whence the clear jet of another copious spring swelled out its waters into the light. Between the base of this ridge, and the liquid boundary, formed partly by the creek, and partly by the river, the sight took in, one mile in width, and unequalled even by those on James River, the magnificent plain of the low grounds with their rich pasture-bottoms and meadows, alive with herds and flocks, that might have graced a cattle show. These luxuriant grazing tracts were either relieved by an immense expanse of sea-green wheat, which, in its agitated play under the breath of the harvest wind, rippled and undulated like the waves of a summer ocean—or alternated with the ample extent of corn-field rows, “tall as the eaves of the home-house,” and variegated with the scarlet white and yellow blossoms of the bean, pea, and the cucumber vines twining about them—or elsewhere, diversified with a prime array of tobacco plants, that handsomest and most valuable of our native growths, here in size so prodigious, that each one, when its deep green leaves spread themselves fully open, was in circumference as large as the round of an ordinary dining table. Beyond these fertile flats, the gaze of the beholder was caught by the whirl of flashing waters, foaming, and fal-

ling, and turning the busy wheel of a merchant mill, (as those manufacturing flour, are called in Virginia,) which marked the spot, where the lesser emptied itself into the greater stream. On the opposite shore, a fine sylvan landscape, blended with lawns and green hills, groves and cultured fields, melted away in the dim shadowy distance. Nothing could be more gloriously beautiful than the eastern prospect at sun rise, when it lay bathed and brightened in the flood of early empurpled light, unless it were the evening aspect of the ethereal mountains, coloured over by the beams of declining day, and the centennial woods outstretched beneath.

“Like a waving sea of glittering gold.”

When they companioned together in the careless days of lost enjoyment, George and Fanny had best loved to rove through the broken glades and tangled paths of the forest dells and depths; but not so the rural belles now congregated at Buck Island. There were two established promenades trodden by them in preference to the finished vistas of the extensive gardens, or the wilder recesses of the picturesque domain. One was a broad road, whose gentle meanders, bounded on one side by the zig-zag fence, that hedged in the low grounds, led along the foot of the hills already described, to the crossing-place at the creek, where an enormous log, spanning the stream, presented a rude bridge to the footsteps of passengers, and a convenient station for such ladies as chose to angle for the admiration of the gentlemen fishers, scattered up and down the banks hereabouts. These fair firls, with pretty shrieks and gestures of mimick terror, impelled each other along the narrow and slippery pass—or gathering together, pretended to watch and disturb the motions of the moccasons and other water snakes, that harboured among the moss and floating vegetation, intermixed with drift wood and loose branches, which the force of the current lodged against the sides of the log. The object of these coquetish manœuvres being effected, it was the pleasantest thing imaginable, for the whole party to saunter along the banks of the clear brown waters, now shaded by high rocks broken into every fantastic variety of form—then edged with a soft slope of mossy turf—or widening into a strand of hard white sand, refreshing to the eye, and firm yet moist to the foot, enclosed between projections of the dark grey cliffs,—while the leafy garniture, feathering the sides, crowning the summits of the steeps, and forming a rich back ground to the picture, waved embazoned with all the hues of gorgeous autumn, from full crimson, bright orange, and deep Tyrian purple, to the faint, whitish green of the leaf, just fading into brown.

The other, and most agreeable walk, was along the grand approach to the house, which, after threading a wild bit of forest scenery, ran down the long winding hill, and on through two or three gates, till, having traversed the low grounds, it terminated at what was called, *par excellence*, the fishery. This was an islet, lying just where the creek and river met,—where velvet verdure of emerald green, and diadem of lofty elms and beeches, overhung with the wild grape vines in all their festooned luxuriance of

\*This description is taken from the celebrated seat of Scotch Town in Hanover County, long the favourite residence of Patrick Henry.